

THE
Polite Philosopher:
OR, AN
ESSAY
ON
THAT ART,
WHICH
Makes a Man *happy* in Himself, and
agreeable to Others.

*He who intends t'advise the Young and Gay,
Must quit the common Road——the formal Way,
Which Hum-drum Pedants take to make Folks wise,
By praising Virtue, and decrying Vice.
Let Parsons tell what dreadful Ills will fall
On such as listen when their Passions call:
We from such Things our Pupils do affright,
Say not they're Sins, but that they are Unpolite.
To shew their Courage, Beaus wou'd often dare
By blackest Crimes to brave old Lucifer.
But who, of Breeding nice, of Carriage civil,
Wou'd trespass on good Manners for the Devil,
Or, merely to display his Want of Fear,
Be damn'd hereafter, to be laugh'd at here?*

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-*
Noster-Row. M. DCC. XLV.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]



PREFACE.

AS this is the third Time this little Treatise has visited the Publick from the Press, it seems but a Point of Decency to say somewhat new to the Publick on this Occasion. The Author, who is an Officer of Distinction in his Majesty's Service, and who is as remarkable for the Practice, as for the Taste of Politeness, left this little Treatise behind him, when his Duty called him to another Climate, to shift for itself, and has never taken any Notice of it since.

But the Editor, who is equally satisfied as to the Merit of the Piece, and concern'd for whatever was the Issue of its Author's Brain, took care to revise, and send abroad another Edition in his Absence, which the Publick receiv'd as favourably as the first; and as it is
now

P R E F A C E.

now again become scarce, he thinks he cannot shew a more sensible Mark of his Attachment to the Author, or more useful Testimony of his Inclination to oblige the World, than by sending this once more abroad.

That it may entertain, all who read it will allow; that it may instruct, very few can dispute; except such, as from a froward Disposition, mistake Politeness for Flattery; and cover an innate Disposition to Brutality, under the Notion of being open and sincere. The Academy at Thoulouse, which call themselves the Academy of Floral Games, have this Year lent us their Authority, by proposing the very Subject of this Treatise for their Prize, which they lay down thus: Of the Importance of the Rules, which ought to be observed in Conversation, and the Mischiefs arising from the too common Neglect of them.

THE



T H E

POLITE PHILOSOPHER, &c.

METHOD requires that, in my Entrance on this Work, I should explain the Nature of that Science to which I have given the Name of POLITE PHILOSOPHY ; and, tho' I am not very apt to write methodically, yet, I think, it becomes me, on this Occasion, to shew that my Title is somewhat *a propos*.

FOLKS who are skilled in *Greek* tell us, that *Philosophy* means no more than the *Love of Wisdom*, and I, by the Adjunction of *Polite*, would be understood to mean that Sort of Wisdom which teaches Men to be at Peace in themselves, and neither by their Words or Behaviour to disturb the Peace of others.

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ACADEMICAL Criticks may, perhaps, expect that I should, at least, quote some *Greek Sage* or other, as the Patron of that Kind of Knowledge which I am about to restore ; and, as I pique my self on obliging every Man in his Way, I shall put them in mind of one *ARISTIPPUS*, who was Professor of *Polite Philosophy* at *Syracuse*, in the Days of the famous King *Dionysius*, in whose Favour he stood higher than even *Plato* himself. Should they go farther, and demand an Account of his Tenets, I must turn them over to *Horace*, who has comprised them all in one Line.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.

*Secure his Soul preserv'd a constant Frame,
Thro' ev'ry varying Scene of Life the same.*

IN the Court of the King of *Sicily*, this wise Man enjoyed all the Delights that would have satisfied a sensual Mind ; but it was the Use of these which shewed him a true Philosopher : He was temperate in them, while he possessed them, and easy without them, when they were no longer in his Power. In a Word, he had the Integrity of *Diogenes*, without his Churlishness ; and, as his Wisdom was useful to him-

himself, so it render'd him agreeable to the rest of the World.

ARISTIPPUS had many Pupils, but for the regular Succession in his School, it has either not been recorded by the *Greek* Writers, or, at least, by any of them that have come to my Hands. Among the *Romans*, indeed, this Kind of Knowledge was in the highest Esteem, and that at the Time when the Reputation of the Common-wealth was at its greatest Height. *Scipio* was less distinguished by the Laurels he acquir'd from foreign Conquests, than by the Myrtle Garland he wore as a Professor in this Art. The familiar Letters of *Cicero* are so many short Lectures in our Science, and the Life of *Pomponius Atticus*, a Praxis only on *Polite Philosophy*.

I would not be suspected to mention these great Names, with an Intent to display my Learning; far be it from me to write a Satyr on the Age: All I aim at, is to convince the *Beaux Esprits* of our Times, that what I teach they may receive without Disparagement, since they tread thereby in the same Road with the greatest Heroes of *Antiquity*; and, in this Way, at least, emulate the Characters of *Alexander* and *Cæsar*. Or, if those old-fashion'd Commanders excite not their Ambition, I will venture to

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assure them, that, in this Track only, they will be able to approach the immortal Prince *Eugene*, who, glorious from his Courage, and amiable from his Clemency, is yet less distinguished by his *Rank*, than by his *Politeness*,

AFTER naming Prince *Eugene*, it would debase my Subject to add another Example ; I shall proceed therefore to the taking Notice of such Qualities of the Mind, as are requisite for my Pupils to have, previous to the Receipt of these Instructions.

BUT, as Vanity is one of the greatest Impediments in the Road of a *Polite Philosopher*, and, as he who takes upon him to be a *Preceptor*, ought, at least, not to give an ill Example to his Scholars, it will not be improper for me to declare, that, in composing this Piece, I had in my Eye that Precept of *Seneca*, *Hæc aliis dic, ut dum dicis audias, ipse scribe, ut dum scripseris legas.* Which, for the sake of the Ladies, I shall translate into *English* ; and into Verse, that I may gratify my own Propensity to Rhyming.

*Speaking to others, what you dictate bear ;
And learn yourself, while teaching you appear.*

THUS

THUS you see me stript of the ill-obey'd Authority of a Pedagogue, and are, for the future, to consider me only as a School-fellow playing the Master, that we may the better conquer the Difficulties of our Task.

To proceed then in the Character, which, for my own sake, as well as yours, I have put on, let me remind you in the first Place :

THAT *Reason*, however antique you may think it, is a Thing absolutely necessary in the Composition of him who endeavours at acquiring a *philosophic Politeness* ; and let us receive it as a Maxim, that, without *Reason*, there's no being a *Fine Gentleman*.

HOWEVER, to soften, at the same Time that we yield to this Constraint, I tell my blooming Audience with Pleasure, that *Reason*, like a Fop's Under-waistcoat, may be wore out of Sight, and, provided it be but worn at all, I shall not quarrel with them, tho' Vivacity, like a laced Shirt, be put over, to conceal it : For, to pursue the Comparison, our Minds suffer no less from *Indiscretion*, than our Bodies from the Injuries of Weather.

NEXT.

NEXT to this, another out-of-the-way Qualification must be acquired; and that is *Calmness*. Let not the Smarts of the University, the Sparks of the Side-Boxes, or the genteel Flutterers of the Drawing-room, imagine, that I will deprive them of those elevated Enjoyments, drinking Tea with a *Toast*, gallanting a *Fan*, or roving, like a Butterfly, through a Parterre of *Beauties*: No, I am far from being the Author of such severe Institutions; but am, on the contrary, willing to indulge them in their Pleasures, as long as they preserve their *Senses*. By which I would be understood to mean, while they act in Character, and suffer not a fond Inclination, an aspiring Vanity, or a giddy Freedom, to transport them into the doing any Thing, which may forfeit present Advantages, or entail upon them future Pain.

I shall have frequent Occasion, in the following Pages, to shew, from Examples, of what mighty Use *Reason*, and an *undisturbed Temper*, are to Men of great Commerce in the World, and therefore shall insist no farther on them here.

THE last Disposition of the Soul which I shall mention, as necessary to him who would become a Proficient in this Science, is *Good-Nature*,

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Nature, a Quality, which, as Mr. *Dryden* said in a Dedication to one of the best-natur'd Men of his Time, deserves the highest Esteem, tho' from an unaccountable Depravity both of Taste and Morals, it meets with the least. For can there be any Thing more amiable in human Nature, than to think, to speak, and to do, whatever Good lies in our Power unto all? No Man who looks upon the Sun, and who feels that Chearfulness which his Beams inspire, but would rather wish himself like so glorious a Being, than to resemble the *Tyger*, however formidable for its Fierceness, or the *Serpent* hated for his Hissing, and dreaded for his Sting. *Good-Nature* may, indeed, be made almost as diffusive as Day-light; but short are the Ravages of the *Tyger*, innocent the bite of a *Serpent*, to the Vengeance of a *cankered Heart*, or the Malice of an *envenomed Tongue*. To this let me add another Argument in Favour of this Benevolence of Soul, and farther Persuasions will, I flatter myself, be unnecessary: *Good-Nature* adorns every Perfection a Man is Master of, and throws a Veil over every Blemish which would otherwise appear. In a Word, like a *skilful Painter*, it places his Virtues in the fairest Light, and casts all his *Foibles* into Shade.

THUS

THUS, in a few Words, *Sense, Moderation,* and *Sweetness* are essential to a *Polite Philosopher*: And if you think you can't acquire *these*, even lay my Book aside; but before you do that, indulge me yet a Moment longer. Nature denies the first to few, the second is in every Man's Power, and no Man need be without the last, who either values general Esteem, or is not indifferent to publick Hate. For, to say Truth, what is necessary to make an honest Man, properly applied, would make a polite One; and as almost every one would take it amiss, if we should deny him the first Appellation, so you may perceive from thence, how few there are, who, but from their own Indiscretion, may deserve the second. It is Want of Attention, not Capacity, which leaves us so many Brutes; and, I flatter myself, there will be fewer of this Species, if any of them can be prevailed on to read this Piece. A Description of their Faults is to such the fittest Lecture, for few Monsters there are who can bear viewing themselves in a Glass.

*Our Follies, when display'd, ourselves affright,
Few are so bad, to bear the hideous Sight.
Mankind, in Herds, thro' Force of Custom stray,
Mistlead each other into Error's Way;
Pursue the Road, forgetful of the End,
Sin by Mistake, and without Thought offend.*

MY

My Readers who have, perhaps, been many of them accustomed to think *Politeness* rather an ornamental Accomplishment, than a Thing necessary to be acquired in order to an easy and happy Life, may, from thence, pay less Attention than my Instructions require, unless I can convince them they are in the Wrong. In order to which, I must put them in mind, that the Tranquillity, and even Felicity of our Days, depends as strongly on *small* Things, as on *great*; of which Men may be easily convinced, if they but reflect how great Uneasiness they have experienced from cross Accidents, altho' they related but to *Trifles*; and, at the same Time, remember, that *Disquiet* is, of all others, the greatest Evil, let it arise from what it will.

Now, in the Concerns of *Life*, as in these of *Fortune*, Numbers are brought into, what are called, bad Circumstances, from small Neglects, rather than from any great Errors in material Affairs. People are too apt to think lightly of Shillings and Pence, forgetting that they are the constituent Parts of a Pound, until the Deficiency in the greater Article, shew them their Mistake, and convince them, by fatal Experience, of a Truth, which they might have

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learned

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learned from a little Attention, viz. that great Sums are made up of small.

EXACTLY parallel to this, is that wrong Notion which many have, that nothing more is due from them to their Neighbours, than what results from a Principle of Honesty, which commands us to pay our Debts, and forbids us to do Injuries: Whereas a Thousand little *Civilities*, *Complacencies*, and *Endeavours* to give others Pleasure, are requisite to keep up the Relish of Life, and procure us that Affection and Esteem, which every Man, who has a Sense of it, must desire. And in the right Timing, and discreet Management of these *Punctilios*, consists the Essence of what we call *Politeness*.

*How many know the general Rules of Art,
Which unto Tablets human Form impart?
How many can depict the rising Brow,
The Nose, the Mouth, and ev'ry Feature shew?
Can, in their Colours, imitate the Skin,
And, by the Force of Fire, can fix them in.
Yet, when 'tis done, unpleasing to the Sight,
Tho' like the Picture, strikes not with Delight:
'Tis ZINK alone gives the enamell'd Face,
A polish'd Sweetness, and a glossy Grace.*

EXAMPLES have, generally speaking, greater Force than Precepts; I will therefore delineate

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delineate the Characters of *Honorius* and *Garcia*, two Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, whose Humours I have perfectly considered, and shall represent them without the least Exaggeration.

HONORIUS is a Person equally distinguished by his *Birth* and *Fortune*. He has, naturally, *Good Sense*, and that too hath been improved by a regular Education. His Wit is lively, and his Morals without a Stain.—Is not this an amiable Character? Yet *Honorius* is not beloved. He has, some Way or other, contracted a Notion, that it is beneath a Man of Honour to fall below the Height of Truth in any Degree, or any Occasion whatsoever. From this Principle, he speaks bluntly what he thinks, without regarding the Company who are by. Some Weeks ago, he read a Lecture on female Hypocrisy before a married Couple, tho' the Lady was much suspected on that Head. Two Hours after, he fell into a warm Declamation against *Simony* and *Priestcraft*, before two Dignitaries of the Church. And, from a continued Course of this Sort of Behaviour, hath rendred himself dreaded as a Monitor, instead of being esteemed as a Friend.

GARCIA, on the contrary, came into the World under the greatest Disadvantages. His *Birth* was mean, and his *Fortune* not

to be mentioned : Yet, tho' he is scarce Forty, he has acquired a handſom Eſtate in the Country, and lives on it with more Reputation, than moſt of his Neighbours. While a Servitor at the Univerſity, He, by his Affiduities, recommended himſelf to a noble Lord, and thereby procured a Place of Fifty Pounds a Year in a publick Office. His Behaviour there made him as many Friends as there were Perſons belonging to that Board. His Readineſs in doing Favours gained him the Hearts of his Inferiors, his Deference for thoſe in the higheſt Characters in the Office, procured him their good Will, and the Complacency he expreſs'd towards his Equals, and thoſe immediately above him, made them eſpouſe his Intereſt with almoſt as much Warmth as they did their own. By this Management, in Ten Years time, he roſe to the Poſſeſſion of an Office, which brought him in a Thouſand Pounds a Year Salary, and near double as much in Perquiſites. Affluence hath made no Alteration in his Manners. The ſame Eaſineſs of Diſpoſition attends him in that Fortune to which it has raiſed him, and he is, at this Day, the Delight of all who know him, from an Art he has of perſwading them, that their Pleaſures and their Intereſts are equally dear to him with his own. Who, if it were in his power, would reſuſe what *Honorius* poſſeſſes ? and who

who would not wish that Possession accompanied with *Garcia's* Disposition?

- I flatter my self, that, by this Time, most of my Readers have acquired a tolerable Idea of *Politeness*, and a just Notion of its Use in our Passage through Life: I must, however, caution them of one Thing, that, under Pretence of *Politeness*, they fall neither into a Contempt or Carelessness of *Science*.

- A Man may have much Learning without being a *Pedant*: Nay, it is necessary that he should have a considerable Stock of *Knowledge*, before he can be *Polite*. The Gloss is never given till the Work is finished; without it, the best wrought Piece looks clumsy: But Varnish over a rough Board is a preposterous Daub. In a Word, that Rule of *Horace*, *Miscere utile dulci*, so often quoted, can never be better applied, than in the present Case, where neither of the Qualities can subsist without the other.

With Dress, for once, the Rule of Life we'll place,

*Cloth in plain Sense, and polish'd Breeding Lace,
Men may, in both, mistake the true Design,
Fools oft are tawdry, when they would be fine.
An equal Mixture, both of Use and Show,
From giddy Fops, points the accomplish'd Beau.*

HAVING

HAVING now gone through the *Præcognita* of *Polite Philosophy*, 'tis requisite we should descend with greater Particularity into its several Branches.

F O R tho' *Exactness* would not be of a Piece, either with the Nature or Intent of this Work, yet some Order is absolutely necessary, because nothing is more unpolite than to be obscure. Some Philosophers have, indeed, prided themselves in a *mysterious* Way of Speaking, wrapping their Maxims in so tough a Coat, that the Kernel, when found, seldom atoned for the Pains of the Finder.

THE *polite Sage* thinks in quite a different Way. *Perspicuity* is the Garment in which his Conceptions appear; and his Sentiments, if they are of any Use, carry this additional Advantage with them, that scarce any Labour is required in attaining them. Graver Discourses, like *Galenical* Medicines, are often formidable in their Figure, and nauseous in their Taste. Lectures from a Doctor in our Science, like a chymical Extraction, convey Knowledge, as it were, by Drops, and restore Sense, as the other does Health, without the *Apparatus* of Physick.

*Harsh to the Heart, and grating to the Ear,
Who can Reproof, without Reluctance, bear?
Why against Priests the gen'ral Hate so strong,
But that they shew us all we do is wrong?*

*Wit well apply'd, does weightier Wisdom
right,*

*And gives us Knowledge, while it gives
Delight.*

*Thus on the Stage we, with Applause, behold,
What wou'd have pain'd us from the Pulpit
told.*

IT is now Time to apply, what we have already advanced, to those Points in which they may be the most useful to us; and therefore we will begin by considering what Advantage the Practice of them will procure, in respect to those Three Things, which are esteemed of the greatest Consequence in the general Opinion of the World. This leads me, in the first Place, to explain the Sentiments and Conduct of a *Polite Philosopher*, in regard to *Religion*. I am not ignorant, that there are a Multitude of those who pass both on the World, and on themselves, for very *Polite* Persons, who look on *this* as a Topick below their Notice. *Religion*, say they with a Sneer, is the Companion of melancholy Minds; but, for the gayer Part of the World, it is ill Manners to mention it amongst them. Be it so.
But

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But give me leave to add, that there is no ranker Species of ill Breeding, than speaking of it sarcastically, or with Contempt.

“ *RELIGION*, strictly speaking, means
 “ that Worship which Men, from a Sense
 “ of Duty, pay to that *Being*, unto whom
 “ they owe their own Existence, with all
 “ those Blessings and Benefits which attend
 “ it.”

LET a Man but reflect on this Definition, and it will be impossible for him not to perceive, that treating this in a ludicrous Way, must not only be unpolite, but shocking. Who, that has a Regard for a Man, would not start at the Thoughts of saying a base Thing of his Father before him? And yet, what a Distance is there between the Notion of a *Father* and a *Creator*! Since therefore no farther Arguments are necessary to prove the Inconsistence between *Raillery* and *Religion*, what can be more cogent to a *Polite Man*, than thus shewing, that such Discourses of his would be *mal a propos*?

THUS much for those who might be guilty of *Unpoliteness*, with respect to *Religion* in general, a Fault unaccountably common in an Age which pretends to be so *Polite*.

As to particular Religions, or rather Tenets in Religion, Men are generally warm in them, from one of these two Reasons, *viz.* Tenderneſs of Conſcience, or a high Senſe of their own Judgments. Men of plain Parts, and honeſt Diſpoſitions, look on Salvation as too ſerious a Thing to be jeſted with: A *Polite Man* therefore will be cautious of offending upon that Head, becauſe he knows it will give the Perſon, to whom he ſpeaks, *Pain*, a Thing ever oppoſite to the Character of a *poliſhed Philoſopher*. The latter Reaſon, which I have aſſigned for Mens Zeal in religious Matters, may ſeem to have leſs Weight than the firſt; but he who conſiders it attentively, will be of another Opinion. Men of ſpeculative Religion, who are ſo from the Conviction rather of their Heads than their Hearts, are not a grain leſs vehement than the real Devotees. He who ſays a ſlight, or a ſevere Thing of their Faith, ſeems, to them, to have thereby undervalued their Underſtandings, and will, conſequently, incur their Averſion, which no Man of common Senſe would hazard for a lively Expreſſion, much leſs a Perſon of good Breeding, who ſhould make it his chief Aim to be well with all. As a Mark of my own *Politeness*, I will here take leave of this Subject, ſince, by dropping it, I ſhall oblige the gay Part of my

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Readers,

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Readers, as, I flatter my self, I have already done the graver Part, from my Manner of treating it.

*Like some grave Matron of a noble Line,
With awful Beauty does Religion shine.*

*Just Sense should teach us to revere the
Dame;*

*Nor, by imprudent Jests, to spot her Fame.
In common Life you'll own this Reas'ning
right,*

*That none but Fools in gross abuse Delight:
Then use it here——nor think our Caution
vain,*

To be polite, Men need not be profane.

NEXT to their Concerns in the other World, Men are, usually, most taken up with the Concerns of the *Publick* here. The Love of our Country is among those Virtues, to which every Man thinks he should pretend: And the Way in which this is generally shewn, is by falling into, what we call, *Parties*; where, if a large Share of good Sense allay not that Heat, which is naturally contracted from such Engagements, a Man soon falls into all the Violences of *Faction*, and looks upon every one as his Enemy, who does not express himself about the public Good in the same Terms he does. This is a harsh Picture, but it is a just one, of the far greater Part
of

of those who are warm in political Disputes. A *Polite Man* will therefore speak, as seldom as he can, on Topicks, where, in a mixt Company, it is almost impossible to say any Thing that will please all.

To say Truth, *Patriotism*, properly so called, is, perhaps, as scarce in this Age, as in any that has gone before us. Men appear to love themselves so well, that it seems not altogether credible, they should, at every Turn, prefer their Country's Interest to their own. The Thing looks noble indeed, and therefore, like a becoming Habit, every Body would put it on. But this is Hypocrisy, you'll say, and therefore should be detected! Here the *Polite Philosopher* finds new Inducements to *Caution*: Sore Places are always tender, and People at a Masquerade are in Pain, if you do any Thing which may discover their Faces.

OUR Philosophy is not intended to make a Man that *sour Monitor* who points out Folks Faults, but to make them in love with their Virtues, *that is*, to make himself and them *easy* while he is with them, and to do, or say nothing, which, on Reflection, may make them less his Friends at their next Meeting.

LET us explain this a little farther. The Rules we offer are intended rather to guide Men in *Company*, than when *Alone*: What we advance tends not so directly to amend People's Hearts, as to regulate their Conduct; a Matter which we have already demonstrated to be of no small Importance. Yet I beg you'll observe, that tho' *Morality* be not immediately our Subject, we are far, however, from requiring any thing in our Pupils contrary thereto.

A *Polite Man* may yet be *religious*, and, if his Reason be convinced, attached to any Interest which, in his Opinion, suits best with that of the *Publick*, provided he conforms thus far to our *System*, that, on no Occasion, he trouble others with the Articles of his *religious Creed*; or *political Engagements*; or, by any Stroke of *Wit* or *Railery*, hazard for a Laugh, that Disposition of Mind, which is absolutely necessary to make Men *easy* when together.

WERE I, indeed, to indulge my own Sentiments, I should speak yet with greater Freedom on this Subject: Since there is so vast a Disproportion, when we come to compare those who have really either a Concern in the Government, or the Service of their Country more particularly at Heart, and the
Men

Men who pretend to *either*, merely from a Desire of appearing of some Consequence themselves. We ought, certainly, to avoid making one of this Number, and aim, rather, at being *quiet* within ourselves, and *agreeable* to those among whom we live, let their political Notions be what they will: Inasmuch as this is a direct Road to Happiness, which all Men profess they would reach, if they could. *Pomponius Atticus*, whose Character appears so amiable, from the concurring Testimony of all who mention him, owed the greatest Part of that Esteem in which he lived, and of that Reputation by which he still survives, unto his steady Adherence to this Rule. His Benevolence made him love Mankind in general, and his good Sense hindred him from being tainted with those Party-Prejudices which had bewitch'd his Friends. He took not up Arms for *Cæsar*, nor did he abandon *Italy* when *Pompey* withdrew with his Forces, and had, in outward Form, the *Sanction* of the Commonwealth. He saw too plainly the Ambition of both: Yet he preserved his Complacence for his Friends in each Party, without siding with either. Success never made them more welcome to *Pomponius*, nor could any Defeat lessen them in his Esteem. When victorious, he visited them, without sharing in their Power; and, when vanquished, he received them, without

without considering any Thing but their Distress. In a few Words, he entertained no Hopes from the good Fortune of his Friends, nor suffered the Reverse of it to chill his Breast with Fear. His Equanimity produced a just Effect, and his universal Kindness made him universally beloved.

I fancy this Picture of a Disposition, perfectly free from political Sourness, will have an agreeable Effect on many of my Readers, and prevent their falling into a common Mistake, that the Circumstances of publick Affairs, and the Characters of publick Persons, are the properest Topicks for general Conversation : *Whereas* they never consider, that it is hard to find a Company, wherein some Body or other hath not either Liking or Distaste, or has received Injuries or Obligations from those who are likeliest to be mentioned upon such Occasions ; and who, consequently, will be apt to put a serious Construction on a slight Expression, and remember afterwards in Earnest, what the Speaker meant so much a Jest, as never to have thought of it more. These, perhaps, may pass, with some, for trivial Remarks ; but, with those who regard their own Ease, and have at all observed what conduces to make Men disagreeable to one another, I flatter myself, they will have more Weight.

BEHAVIOUR is like Architecture, the Symmetry of the whole pleases us so much, that we examine not into its Parts, which if we did, we should find much Nicety required in forming such a Structure; tho', to Persons of no Taste, the Rules of either Art would seem to have little Connection with their Effects.

*That true Politeness we can only call,
Which looks like Jones's * Fabrick at White-
hall:*

*Where just Proportion we, with Pleasure, see,
Tho' built by Rule, yet from all Stiffness
free.*

*Tho' grand, yet plain, magnificent, not fine,
The Ornaments adorning the Design.*

*It fills our Minds with rational Delight,
And pleases on Reflection, as at Sight.*

AFTER these Admonitions, as to *Religion* and *Politicks*, 'tis very fit we observe another Topick of modern Discourse, of which it is hard to say, Whether it be more common, or more contrary to true Politeness. What I mean, is the *reflecting* on Mens Professions, and *playing* on those general Aspersions, which have been fixt on them by a Sort of Ill-nature hereditary to the World: And with *this*, as the third Point which

* BANQUETING-HOUSE.

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which I promised to consider, shall be shut up the more serious Part of this Essay.

IN order to have a proper Idea of this *Point*, we must, first of all, consider, that the chief *Cause* both of Love and Hatred, is *Custom*. When Men, from a long Habit, have acquired a *Facility* of thinking clearly, and speaking well in any Science, they, naturally, like that better than any other; and this Liking, in a short Time, grows up to a warmer Affection, which renders them impatient whenever their *darling Science* is decried in their Hearing. A *Polite Man* will have a Care of ridiculing Physick before one of the *Faculty*, talking disrespectfully of Lawyers while Gentlemen of the *Long-robe* are by, or speaking contemptibly of the Clergy when with any of that *Order*.

SOME Criticks may, possibly, object that these are *Solecisms* of too gross a Nature, for Men of tolerable Sense or Education to be guilty of: But I appeal to those who are most conversant in the World, whether this Fault, *glaring* as it is, be not committed every Day.

THE strictest Intimacy can never warrant Freedoms of this *Sort*, and it is, indeed, preposterous to think it should, unless we can suppose Injuries are less *Evils* when they are

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are done us by Friends, than when they come from other Hands.

*Excess of Wit may oftentimes beguile :
Jests are not always pardon'd—by a Smile.
Men may disguise their Malice at the Heart,
And seem at Ease——tho' feeling inward
Smart,
Mistaken we——think all such Wounds, of
Course,
Reflection cures——Alas ! it makes them
worse.
Like Scratches they with double Anguish
seize,
Rankle with Time, and fester by Degrees.*

LET us now proceed to speak of Raillery in general. *Invective* is a Weapon worn as commonly as a Sword, and, like *that*, is often in the Hands of those who know not how to use it. Men of true Courage fight but seldom, and never draw but in their own Defence. *Bullies* are continually squabbling, and, from the Ferocity of their Behaviour, become the Terror of some Companies, and the Jest of more. This is just the Case with such as have a Liveliness of Thought, directed by a *Propensity* to ill Nature : Indulging themselves at the Expence of others, they, by Degrees, incur the Dislike of all. Meek Tempers abhor, Men of cool Disposition despise, and those

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addicted

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addicted to *Choler* chastise them. Thus a Licentiousness of *Tongue*, like a Spirit of *Rapine*, sets one Man against all; and the Defence of Reputation, as well as Property, puts the human Species on regarding a malevolent Babler with a worse Eye than a common Thief, because Fame is a Kind of Goods, which, when once taken away, can hardly be restored. Such is the Effigies of this human Serpent: And who, when he has considered it, would be thought to have fat for the Piece?

IT is a Thousand to One my Book feels the Resentment of *Draco*, from his seeing his own Likeness in this Glass.

A good Family, but no Fortune, threw *Draco* into the Army when he was very young. *Dancing*, *Fencing*, and a *Smattering* of *French*, are all the Education either his Friends bestowed, or his Capacity would allow him to receive. He has been now two Years in Town, and from *Swearing*, *Drinking*, and *Debauching* Country Wenchs, (the general Rout of a military Rake) the Air of *St. James's* has given his Vices a new Turn. By Dint of an embroider'd Coat, he thrusts himself into the *Beau* Coffee-houses, where a dauntless Effrontry, and a natural Volubility of Tongue, conspire

aspire to make him pass for a Fellow of Wit and Spirit.

A *bastard Ambition* makes him envy every great Character; and as he has just Sense enough to know, that his Qualifications will never recommend him to the Esteem of Men of Sense, or the Favour of Women of Virtue, he has thence contracted an Antipathy to both; and, by giving a boundless Loose to universal Malice, makes continual War against *Honour* and *Reputation*, wherever he finds them.

HECATILLA is a female Firebrand, more dangerous, and more artfully *vindictive* than *Draco* himself. Birth, Wit, and Fortune combine to render her conspicuous, while a splenetick Envy fours her, otherwise amiable, Qualities, and makes her dreaded as a Poison *doubly* dangerous, grateful to the Taste, yet mortal in Effect. All who see *Hecatilla* at a Visit, where the Brilliancy of her Wit heightens the Lustre of her Charms, are, imperceptibly, deluded into a Concurrence with her in Opinion, and suspect not Diffimulation under the Air of Frankness, nor a studied Design of doing Mischief in a seemingly casual Stroke of Wit. The most sacred Character, the most exalted Station, the fairest Reputation, defend not against the infectious Blast of

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1prightly Raillery ; borne on the Wings of
Wit, and supported by a Blaze of *Beauty*,
the fiery Vapour withers the sweetest Blos-
soms, and communicates to all who hear
her, an involuntary Dislike to those at
whose Merit she points her Satyr.

At Ev'ning thus the unsuspecting Swain
Returning homewards o'er a marshy Plain,
Pleas'd, at a Distance, sees the lambent Light,
And, hasty, follows the mischievous Sprite,
Through Brakes and Puddles, over Hedge and
Style,
Rambles, misguided, many a weary Mile.
Confus'd, and wond'ring at the Space he's
gone,
Doubts, then believes, and hurries faster on :
The Cheat detected, when the Vapour's spent,
Scarce he's convinc'd, and hardly can repent.

NEXT to these Cautions with respect
to Raillery, which, if we examine strictly,
we shall find no better than a well-bred
Phrase for speaking ill of Folks, it may not
be amiss to warn our Readers of a certain
Vehemence in Discourse exceedingly shocking
to others, at the same Time that it not a
little exhausts themselves.

IF we trace this Error to its Source, we
shall find that the Spring of it is an Impa-
tience at finding others differ from us in
Opinion ;

Opinion : And can there be any Thing more unreasonable, than to blame that Disposition in them, which we cherish in ourselves ?

IF Submission be a Thing so disagreeable to us, why should we expect it from them ? Truth only can justify Tenaciousness in Opinion. Let us calmly lay down what convinces us, and, if it is reasonable, it will hardly fail of perswading those to whom we speak. Heat begets Heat, and the Clashing of Opinions seldom fails to strike out the Fire of Diffension.

As this is a *Foible* more especially incident to the fair Sex, I think it will be highly necessary to offer another, and, perhaps, a more cogent Argument to their Consideration. *Passion* is a prodigious Enemy to Beauty, it ruffles the sweetest Features, discolours the finest Complexion, and, in a Word, gives the Air of a *Fury* to the Face of an *Angel*. Far be it from me to lay Restraints upon the Ladies, but, in dissuading them from this Method of enforcing their Sentiments, I put them upon an easier Way of effecting what they desire ; for what can be denied to Beauty, when speaking with an Air of Satisfaction ? Complacence does all that Vehemence would extort, as Anger can alone abate the Influence of their Charms.

Serene

*Serene and mild we view the Evening Air,
The pleasing Picture of the smiling Fair,
A Thousand Charms our sev'ral Senses meet,
Cooling the Breeze, with fragrant Odours
sweet.*

*But sudden if the sable Clouds deform
The azure Sky, and threat the coming Storm,
Hasty we flee——e'er yet the Thunders roar,
And dread what we so much admir'd before.*

TO *Vehemence* in Discourse, let me join *Redundancy* in it also, a Fault flowing rather from *Carelessness* than *Design*, and which is more *dangerous*, from its being more *neglected*. *Passion*, as I have hinted, excites *Opposition*; and that very *Opposition*, to a Man of tolerable Sense, will be the strongest *Reproof* for his *Inadvertency*: Whereas a Person of a loquacious Disposition, may often escape *open Censure* from the Respect due to his *Quality*, or from an *Apprehension* in those with whom he converses, that a *Check* would but increase the Evil, and, like curbing a hard-mouth'd Horse, serve only to make him run the faster; from whence the Person in Fault is often rivetted in his Error, by mistaking a silent Contempt for profound Attention.

PERHAPS this short Description may set many of my Readers right, which, what-
ever

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ever they may think of it, I assure them is of no small Importance. *Conversation* is a Sort of *Bank*, in which all who compose it have their respective Shares. The Man therefore who attempts to engross it, trespasses upon the Rights of his Companions; and whether they think fit to tell him so, or no, will, of Consequence, be regarded as no *fair Dealer*. Notwithstanding I consider Conversation in this Light, I think it necessary to observe, that it differs from other Copartnerships in one very material Point, which is this, that it is worse taken if a Man pays in more than his Proportion, than if he had not contributed his full *Quota*, provided he be not too far deficient: For the Prevention of which, let us have *Horace's* Caution continually in our Eye.

*The Indiscreet with blind Aversion run
Into one Fault, when they another shun.*

IT is the peculiar Privilege of the *Fair*, that, speaking or silent, they never offend. Who can be weary of hearing the softest Harmony? Or who, without Pleasure, can behold *Beauty*, when his Attention is not diverted from her Charms by listening to her Words? I would have stopt here, but that my Deference for the *Ladies* obliges me to take Notice, that some of their own Sex, when past the Noon of Life, or in
their

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their *Wane* of Power, from some other Reason, are apt to place an Inclination of obli-
fing their Hearers amongst those Topicks of
Detraction, by which they would reduce the
Lustre of those Stars that now gild the He-
misphere, where they once shone.

FROM this Cause only, I would advise
the *Reigning Toasts*, by an Equality of Be-
haviour, to avoid the Censure of these ill-
natur'd *Tatlers*.

*Such hapless Fate attends the Young and Fair,
Expos'd to open Force, and secret Snare:
Pursu'd by Men, warm with destructive Fire,
Against their Peace, while Female Frauds
conspire.*

*Escap'd from those, in vain they hope for
Rest:*

*What Fame's secure from an invidious Jest?
By flight the Deer, no more of Dogs afraid,
Falls by a Shot from some dark Covert made.
So envious Tongues their foul Intentions hide,
Wound, tho' unseen, and kill e'er they're des-
cry'd.*

OF all the *Follies* which Men are apt to
fall into, to the *Disturbance* of others, and *les-
sening* of themselves, there is none more in-
tolerable than continual *Egotisms*, and a per-
petual Inclination to Self-Panegyrick. The
mention of this *Weakness* is sufficient to ex-
pose

pose it, since, I think, no Man was ever possess'd of so warm an Affection for his own Person, as *deliberately* to assert, that it, and its Concerns, are proper Topicks to entertain Company. Yet there are many who, through Want of Attention, fall into this Vein, as soon as the *Conversation* begins to acquire Life : They lay hold of every Opportunity of *introducing* themselves, *describing* themselves, and, if People are so dull as not to take the Hint, of *commending* themselves : Nay, what is more surprizing than all this, they are amaz'd at the Coldness of their Auditors, forgetting that the same Passion inspires almost every Body, and that there is scarce a Man in the Room who has not a better Opinion of himself, than of any Body else.

DISQUISITIONS of this Sort into *human Nature* belong *properly* unto *Sages* in *Polite Philosophy* ; for the first Principle of true Politeness is, not to offend against such Dispositions of the Mind, as are almost inseparable from our Species. To find out, and methodize these, requires no small Labour and Application. The Fruits of my *Researches* on this Subject I communicate freely to the Publick ; but must, at the same Time, exhort my *Readers* to spare, now and then, a few Minutes to such Reflections, which will, at least, be attended with this

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good

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good Consequence, that it will open a Scene which hath *Novelty*, that powerful Charm, to recommend it.

BUT I must beware of growing *serious* again, I'm afraid my Gravity may have dis-oblinded some of the *Beau-monde* already.

*He who intends t' advise the Young and Gay,
Must quit the common Road——the formal
Way*

*Which Hum-drum Pedants take to make
Folks wise,*

By praising Virtue, and decrying Vice.

*Let Parsons tell what dreadful Ills will fall
On such as listen when their Passions call:*

*We from such Things our Pupils to affright,
Say not they're Sins, but that they're Unpo-
lite.*

*To shew their Courage, Beaus wou'd often
dare,*

By blackest Crimes to brave old Lucifer.

*But who, of Breeding nice, of Carriage civil,
Wou'd trespass on good Manners for the Devil,
Or, merely to display his Want of Fear,
Be damn'd hereafter, to be laugh'd at here.*

IT cannot be expected from me, that I should particularly criticize on all those *Foibles*, through which Men are offensive to others in their Behaviour: Perhaps too, a Detail of this Kind, however *exact*, might be

be thought *tedious*, it may be, construed into a Breach of those Rules, for a strict Observance of which I contend. In order therefore to *diversify* a Subject, which can no other Way be treated agreeably, permit me to throw together a Set of Characters I once had the Opportunity of seeing, which will afford a just Picture of these *Marplots* in Conversation, and which my Readers, if they please, may call the Assembly of Impertinents.

THERE was a Coffee-house in that End of the Town where I lodged some Time ago, at which several Gentlemen used to meet of an Evening, who, from a happy Correspondence in their *Humours* and *Capacities*, entertain'd each other agreeably from the Close of the Afternoon, till it was Time to go to Bed.

ABOUT Six Months this *Society* subsisted with great *Regularity*, tho' without any Restraint: Every Gentleman who frequented the House, and had conversed with the *Erectors* of this occasional Club, were invited to pass an Evening, when they thought fit, in a Room one Pair of Stairs set apart for that Purpose.

THE Report of this Meeting drew one Night, when I had the Honour of being
F 2 there,

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here, Three Gentlemen of Distinction, who were so well known to most of the Members, that Admittance could not be refused them. One of them, whom I chuse to call Major *Ramble*, turn'd of *Threescore*, and who had an excellent Education, seiz'd the Discourse about an Hour before Supper, and gave us a very copious Account of the Remarks he had made in three Years Travels through *Italy*. He began with a geographical Description of the Dominions of his *Sardinian* Majesty, as Duke of *Savoy*; and, after a Digression on the Fortifications of *Turin*, in speaking of which he shewed himself a perfect Engineer, he proceeded to the secret History of the Intrigues of that Court, from the Proposal of the Match with *Portugal*, to the Abdication of King *Victor Amadeus*. After this he run over the general History of *Milan*, *Parma*, and *Modena*, dwelt half an Hour on the Adventures of the last Duke of *Mantua*, gave us a hasty Sketch of the Court of *Rome*, transferr'd himself from thence to the Kingdom of *Naples*, repeated the Insurrection of *Massaniello*, and, at a Quarter before Ten, finished his Observations with the Recital of what happened at the Reduction of that Kingdom to the Obedience of the late Emperor. What contributed to make this Conduct of his the more out of the Way, was, that every Gentleman

Gentleman in the Room had been in *Italy* as well as he; and one of them, who was a Merchant, was the very Person, at whose House the Major resided when at *Naples*. Possibly, he might imagine the Knowledge they had in those Things might give them a greater Relish for his Animadversions; or, to speak more *candidly*, the Desire of displaying his own Parts, buried every other Circumstance in Oblivion.

JUST as the Major had done speaking, a Gentleman called for a Glass of Water, and happen'd to say, after drinking it, that he found his Constitution much mended, since he had left off Malt-Liquor; Doctor *Hectic* another of the *Strangers*, immediately laid hold of this Opportunity, and gave us a large Account of the Virtues of Water, confirming whatever he advanced from the Works of the most eminent Physicians. From the main Subject, he made an easy Transition to medicinal Baths and Springs; nor were his Searches bounded by our own Country, he condescended to acquaint us with the Properties of the Springs of *Bourbon*, particulariz'd the genuine Smell of *Spa* Water, applauded the wonderful Effects of the *Pyrmont Mineral*, and, like a true Patriot, wound up his Disquisitions with preferring *Astrop Wells* (within three Miles of which he was born) to them all. It was now turned

ned of Eleven, when the *Major* and *Doctor* took their Leaves, and went away together in a Hackney-coach.

THE Company seem'd inclinable to extend their usual Time of sitting, in order to divert themselves after the Night's Fatigue : When Mr. *Papilio*, the third new Comer, made two or three severe Reflections on the Oddity of some People's Humours, who were for imposing their own idle Conceits, as Things worthy the Attention of a whole Company ; tho', at the same Time, their Subjects were *trivial*, and their Manner of treating them *insipid*. For my Part, continued he, Gentlemen, most People do me the Honour to say, that few Persons understand *Medals* better than I do. To put the musty Stories of these queer old Men out of our Heads, I'll give you the History of a valuable *Medallion*, which was sent me, about three Weeks ago, from *Venice*. Without staying for any farther Mark of Approbation than *Silence*, he enter'd immediately on a long Dissertation ; in which he had scarce proceeded ten Minutes, before his Auditors, losing all Patience, followed the Example of an old *Turkey* Merchant, who, taking up his Hat and Gloves, went directly down Stairs, without saying a Word.

ANIMADVERSIONS on what I have related, would but trespass upon the Patience of my Readers; wherefore, in the Place of them, let me offer a few Remarks in Verse, where my Genius may be more at Liberty, and *Vivacity* atone for Want of Method.

*Who would not choose to shun the gen'ral Scorn,
And fly Contempt?——a Thing so hardly
born.*

*This to avoid——let not your Tales be long:
The endless Speaker's ever in the Wrong,
And all abhor Intemperance of Tongue.* }

*Tho' with a Fluency of easy Sounds,
Your copious Speech with every Grace abounds:
Tho' Wit adorn, and Judgment give it
Weight,*

*Discretion must your Vanity abate,
E'er your tir'd Hearers put Impatience on,
And wonder when the Larum will be down.
Nor think, by Art, Attention can be wrought,
A Flux of Words will ever be a Fault.
Things without Limit we, by Nature, blame,
And soon are cloy'd with Pleasure, if the same.*

HITHERTO we have dwelt only on the Blemishes of Conversation, in order to prevent our Readers committing such Offences, as absolutely destroy all Pretences to *Politeness*. But as a Man cannot be said to discharge the Duty he owes to Society, who

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contents himself with barely doing nothing amiss; so Lectures on *Polite Philosophy*, after removing these Obstacles, may *reasonably* be expected to point out the Method whereby true *Politeness* may be obtained. But, alas! that is not to be done by Words, Rocks and Tempests are easily painted, but the Rays of *Phæbus* defy the Pencil.

METHINKS I see my Auditors in surprise. What, say they, have we attended so long in vain? Have we listened to no purpose? Must we content ourselves with knowing how necessary a Thing *Politeness* is, without being told how to acquire it? Why, really, Gentlemen, it is just so. I have done all for you that is in my Power, I have shewn you what you are not to be: In a Word, I have explained *Politeness* negatively: If you would know it positively, you must seek it from Company and Observation. However, to shew my own good Breeding, I will be your humble Servant as far as I can, *that is*, I'll open the Door, and introduce you, leaving you then at the single Point, where I can be of no farther Use, *id est*, Application.

THE World is a great School, wherein Men are first to learn, and then to practise. As Fundamentals in all Sciences ought to be well understood, so a Man cannot be too
attentive

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attentive at his first becoming acquainted with the Publick : For Experience is a necessary Qualification in every distinguished Character, and is as much required in a fine Gentleman, as in a Statesman. Yet it is to be remark'd, that Experience is much sooner acquired by some, than by others : For it does not consist so much in a copious Remembrance of whatever has happened, as in a regular Retention of what may be useful. As a Man is properly stiled Learned, from his making a just Use of Reading, and not from his having perused a Multitude of Books.

As soon as we have gained Knowledge, we shall find the best Way to improve it will be *Exercise*, in which two Things are carefully to be avoided, *Positiveness* and *Affectation* : If to our Care in shunning them, we add a Desire of obliging those with whom we converse, there is little Danger, but that we become all we wish ; and *Politeness*, by an imperceptible Gradation, will enter into our minutest Actions, and give a Lustre to every Thing we do.

*Near to the far extended Coasts of Spain,
Some Islands triumph o'er the raging Main,
Where dwelt of old——as tuneful Poets
say,
Slingers, who bore from all the Prize away.*

G

While

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*While Infants yet——their feeble Nerves
they try'd,
Nor needful Food, till won by Art, supply'd.
Fix'd was the Mark——the Youngster, oft
in vain,
Whirl'd the misguided Stone with fruitless
Pain:
Till, by long Practice, to Perfection brought,
With easy Slight their former Task they
wrought.
Swift from their Arm th'unerring Pebble flew,
And, high in Air, the flutt'ring Victim flew.
So in each Art Men rise but by Degrees,
And Days of Labour lead to Years of Ease.*

THE Duke de Rochefaucat, who was esteemed the most brilliant Wit in *France*, speaking of *Politeness*, says, That a Citizen will hardly acquire it at Court, and yet may easily attain it in the Camp. I shall not enter into the Reason of this, but offer my Readers a *shorter, pleasanter, and more effectual* Method of arriving at the Summit of genteel Behaviour, *that is*, By conversing with the *Ladies*.

THOSE who aim at Panegyrick, are wont to assemble a Throng of glittering Ideas, and then, with great Exactness, cloath them with all the Elegance of Language, in order to their making the most magnificent Figure, when they come abroad in the World. So
copious

copious a Subject as the Praises of the *Fair* may, in the Opinion of my Readers, lay me under great Difficulties in this Respect. Every Man of good Understanding, and fine Sense, is in Pain for one who has undertaken so hard a Task : Hard, indeed, to me, who, from many Years Study of the Sex, have discovered so many Perfections in them, as scarce as many more Years would afford me Time to express. However, not to disappoint my Readers, or my self, by foregoing that *Pleasure* I feel in doing Justice to the most amiable Part of the Creation, I will indulge the natural Propensity I have to their Service, and paint, tho' it be but in Miniature, the Excellencies they possess, and the Accomplishments which, by Reflexion, they bestow.

*As when some Poet, happy in his Choice
Of an important Subject——tunes his Voice
To sweeter Sounds, and more exalted Strains,
Which from a strong Reflection he attains.
As Homer, while his Heroes he records,
Transfuses all their Fire into his Words.
So we, intent, the charming Sex to please,
Act with new Life, and an unwonted Ease,
Beyond the Limits of our Genius soar,
And feel an Ardor quite unknown before.*

THOSE who, from wrong Ideas of Things, have forced themselves into a Dis-

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like of the *Sex*, will be apt to cry out, Where would this Fellow run? Has he so long studied Women, and does he not know what Numbers of *affected Prudes*, *gay Coquettes*, and *giddy Impertinents* there are amongst them?—Alas! Gentlemen, what Mistakes are these? How will you be surpriz'd if I *prove* to you, that you are in the same Sentiments with me, and that you could not have so warm Resentments at these *Pecadilloes*, if you did not think the Ladies more than mortal?

ARE the Faults you would pass by in a Friend, and smile at in an Enemy, Crimes of so deep a Dye in them, as not to be forgiven? And can this flow from any other Principle, than a Perswasion, that *they* are more perfect in their Nature than *we*, and their Guilt the greater therefore, in departing, even in the smallest Degree, from that Perfection? Or can there be a greater Honour to the Sex, than this Dignity, which even their Enemies allow them, to say, *Truth*, *Virtue*, and *Women* owe less to their Friends, than to their Foes; since the Vicious, in both Cases, charge their own Want of Taste on the *Weakness* of human Nature, pursue grosser Pleasures because they are at hand, and neglect the more refined, as Things of which their Capacities afford them no Idea.

Born

*Born with a servile Gust to sensual Joy,
Souls of low Taste the sacred Flame destroy,
By which, allied to the etherial Fire,
Celestial Views the Hero's Thoughts inspire:
Teach him in a sublimer Path to move,
And urge him on to Glory and to Love;
Passions which only give a Right to Fame,
To present Bliss, and to a deathless Name.
While those mean Wretches, with just Shame
o'erspread,
Live on unknown—and are, unheard of, dead.*

MR. Dryden who knew human Nature, perhaps, as well as any Man who ever studied it, has given us a just Picture of the Force of Female Charms, in the Story of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*. *Boccace*, from whom he took it, had adorned it with all the tinsel Finery an Italian Composition is capable of: The English Poet, like most English Travellers, gave Sterling Silver in Exchange for that superficial Gilding, and bestowed a Moral, where he found a Tale. He paints in *Cymon*, a Soul buried in a Confusion of Ideas, informed with so little Fire, as scarce to struggle under the Load, or afford any Glimmerings of Sense. In this Condition, he represents him struck with the Rays of *Iphigenia's* Beauty; kindled by them, his Mind exerts its Powers, his intellectual Faculties seem to awake, and that uncouth Ferocity

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rocity of Manners, by which he had hitherto been distinguished, gave Way to an obliging Behaviour, the natural Effect of Love !

THE *Moral* of this *Fable* is a Truth which can never be inculcated too much. It is to the *Fair Sex* we owe the most shining Qualities of which ours is Master : As the *Ancients* insinuated with their usual Address by painting, both the *Virtues* and *Graces* as Females. Men of *true Taste* feel a natural Complaisance for Women when they converse with them, and fall, without knowing it, upon every Art of Pleasing, which is the Disposition at once the most grateful to others, and the most satisfactory to ourselves. An intimate Acquaintance with the other *Sex*, fixes this *Complacence* into a *Habit*, and that *Habit* is the very Essence of *Politeness*.

NAY, I presume to say, *Politeness* can be no other Way attained. Books may furnish us with right Ideas, Experience may improve our Judgments, but it is the Acquaintance of the *Ladies* only, which can bestow that *Easiness* of Address, whereby the *fine Gentleman* is distinguished from the *Scholar*, and the Man of *Business*.

THAT my Readers may be perfectly satisfied in a *Point*, which I think of so great Importance, let us examine *this* a little more strictly.

THERE

THERE is a certain *constitutional Pride* in Men, which hinders their yielding in Point of *Knowledge, Honour, or Virtue* to one another: *This* immediately forsakes us at the Sight of *Woman!* And the being accustomed to submit to the Ladies, gives a new Turn to our *Ideas*, and opens a Path to *Reason*, which she had not trod before: Things appear in another Light, and that Degree of *Complacency* seems now a *Virtue*, which heretofore we regarded as a *Meanness*.

I have dwelt the longer on the Charms of the *Sex*, arising from the *Perfection* visible in their exterior Composition; because there is the strongest *Analogy* between them, and the Excellencies which, from a nicer Inquiry, we discover in the *Minds* of the *Fair*. As they are distinguished from the robust Make of *Man* by that *Delicacy*, express'd by *Nature* in their *Form*, so the Severity of masculine Sense is softened by a *Sweetness* peculiar to the *Female Soul*. A native Capacity of Pleasing attends them through every Circumstance of Life, and, what we improperly call, the *Weakness* of the *Sex*, gives them a Superiority unattainable by *Force*.

THE *Fable* of the *North-Wind* and the *Sun* contending to make the Man throw off his

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his Cloak, is not an improper Picture of the specifick Difference between the Powers of either Sex. The blustering Fierceness of the *former*, instead of producing the Effect at which it aimed, made the Fellow but wrap himself up the closer ; yet no sooner did the Sun-Beams play, than that which before protected, became now an Incumbrance.

JUST so, that *Pride* which makes us *Tenacious* in Disputes between Man and Man, when applied to the *Ladies*, inspires us with an Eagerness not to *Contend*, but to *Obey*.

To speak sincerely and philosophically, *Women* seem designed by *Providence* to spread the same Splendour and Chearfulness through the intellectual Oeconomy, that the celestial Bodies diffuse over the material Part of the Creation. Without them, we might, indeed, *Contend*, *Destroy*, and *Triumph* over one another ; *Fraud* and *Force* would divide the World between them, and we should pass our Lives, like Slaves, in continual Toil, without the Prospect of Pleasure or Relaxation.

IT is the Conversation of *Women* that gives a proper *Biafs* to our Inclinations, and, by abating the *Ferocity* of our Passions, engages us to that *Gentleness* of Deportment, which we stile *Humanity*. The Tender-
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ness we have for them softens the Ruggedness of our own Nature, and the *Virtues* we put on to make the better Figure in their Eyes, keep us in Humour with our selves.

I speak it without Affectation or Vanity, that no Man has applied more assiduouſly than my ſelf to the Study of the *Fair Sex*, and I aver it with the greateſt *Simplicity* of Heart, that I have not only found the moſt engaging and moſt amiable, but alſo the moſt generous and moſt heroick Qualities, amongſt the *Ladies*; and that I have diſcovered more of *Candour*, *Diſinterreſtedneſs*, and *Fervour* in their Friendſhips, than in thoſe of our own Sex, tho' I have been very careful, and particularly happy in the Choice of my Acquaintance.

My Readers will, I dare ſay, obſerve, and indeed I deſire they ſhould, a more than ordinary Zeal for inculcating a high Eſteem of, and a ſincere Attachment to the *Fair*. What I propoſe from it is, to *rectify* certain Notions, which are not only deſtructive of all *Politeness*, but, at the ſame Time, detrimental to *Society*, and incompatible with the Dignity of human Nature. Theſe have, of late Years, ſpread much amongſt thoſe who aſſume to themſelves the Title of *Fine Gentlemen*; and, in Conſequence thereof, talk with great Freedom of thoſe,

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from whom they are in no Danger of being called to an Account. There is so much of *Baseness, Cowardice, and Contempt of Truth* in this Way of treating such, as are alone capable of making us *truly and rationally* happy, that to consider the Crime, must be sufficient to make a reasonable Man abhor it. *Levity* is the best Excuse for a transient Slip of this Kind, but to persist in it, is evidently descending from our own Species, and as far as we are able, putting on the Brute.

*Fram'd to give Joy, the lovely Sex are seen,
Beauteous their Form, and heav'nly in their
Mein :*

*Silent, they charm the pleas'd Beholder's Sight,
And speaking, strike us with a new Delight :
Words when pronounc'd by them bear each a Dart,
Ivade our Ears, and reach thro' them the Heart.
To no ill Ends the glorious Passion sways,
By Love and Honour bound, the Youth obeys ;
Till, by his Service won, the grateful Fair
Consents, in Time, to ease the Lover's Care,
Seals all his Hopes, and, in the bridal Kiss,
Gives him a Title to untainted Bliss.*

I chuse to put an End to my Lecture on *Politeness* here, because, having spoke of the Ladies, I would not *descend* again to any other Subject. In the *Current* of my Discourse, I have taken Pains to shew the *Use* and *Amiability* of that Art which this

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Treatise was written to recommend ; and have drawn, in as strong Colours as I was able, those *Solecisms* in Behaviour, which Men, either through *Giddiness*, or a wrong Turn of *Thought*, are most likely to commit.

PERHAPS the *Grave* may think I have made *Politeness* too important a Thing, from the Manner in which I have treated it : Yet, if they will but reflect, that a *Statesman* in the most august Assembly, a *Lawyer* of the deepest Talents, and a *Divine* of the greatest Parts, must *notwithstanding* have a large Share of *Politeness*, in order to engage the Attention, and *biass* the Inclinations of his Hearers, before he can *persuade* them, they'll be of another Opinion, and confess that some Care is due to acquiring that *Quality* which must set off all the rest.

THE gayer Part of my Readers may, *probably*, find Fault with those Restraints which may result from the *Rules* I have here laid down : But I would have these Gentlemen remember, that I *point* out a Way *whereby*, without the Trouble of *Study*, they may be enabled to make no despicable Figure in the World, which, on mature Deliberation, I flatter myself, they will think no ill Exchange. The *Ladies* will, I hope, repay my Labours, by not being displeas'd with this Offer of my *Service*.

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vice. And thus, having done all in my Power towards making *Folks* agreeable to one another, I please me with the Hopes of having procured a favourable Reception for my self.

*When gay Petronius, to correct the Age,
Gave Way, of old, to his satyrick Rage;
This motley Form he for his Writings chose,
And chequer'd lighter Verse with graver Prose.
When, with just Malice, he design'd to shew,
How far unbounded Vice, at last, would go,
In Prose we read the execrable Tale,
And see the Face of Sin without a Veil;
But when his Soul, by some soft Theme inspir'd,
The Aid of tuneful Poetry requir'd,
His Numbers with peculiar Sweetness ran,
And in his easy Verse we see the Man.
Learn'd without Pride, of Taste correct, yet free
Alike from Niceness, and from Pedantry:
Careless of Wealth, yet liking decent Shew,
In fine, by Birth a Wit, by Trade a Beau.
Freely He censur'd a licentious Age,
And Him I copy, tho' with chaster Page;
Expose the Evils in which Brutes delight,
And shew how easy 'tis to be Polite.
Exhort our erring Youth—to mend in Time,
And Lectures give for Mem'ry's Sake—in Rhyme,
Teaching this ART—to pass thro' Life at Ease,
Pleas'd in our selves, while all around we please.*

F I N I S.

